graceful passed to the inlaid baths he built, such baths as never women bathed in elsewhere ; the *prima donna* Bai Kokal, sang her sweetest, but when he gazed from the Jasmine Tower upon the blue Jumna far beneath, the man's soul was cast as bread upon the waters, praying them to return him to her who sleeps beside its ripples.

Delhi is essentially the City of Pageants, the scene of the most imposing spectacles the world has known. From time immemorial it has been so, since the days of the Pandu Prince Yudisthira, who founded that city of Indras-prastha, which is now called Delhi, and sig-nalised it by celebrating the Aswamedha, or horse sacrifice, the most magnificent cere-monial ever seen, and one which is older than history itself. The father of history says that the great Grete of Central Asia deemed it right to offer the swiftest of created beings to the swiftest of uncreated beings, and so the Solar Princes, the Royal children of the Sun, have since the days of the *Ramayana* and *Mahab-harata* offered the milk-white

steed of the sun on the banks of the Jumna and Ganges.

The Dasaswamedha Ghat at Benares is so named because a King of Kashi performed this

tremendous